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simply as a *recuerdo*, a remembrance." Then she said with inimitable grace, "Well, sir, to keep you from holding out your hand so long I will take it."

Now, if we can be so mistaken about the people of a little island that has lately become territory of the United States, it is certainly open to us very much to misjudge the character of other nations. I have been very much impressed recently in reading historical novels to see how steadily those novels having relation to the Revolutionary War, or the War of 1812, in almost every case paint the English soldier and the English officer in very black colors. It is made to appear that he is very brutal and very cruel, that he delights in doing brutal and cruel things. I am sure that we have greatly misunderstood the character of the English people until recent years. We are now coming to understand them better, and we are coming closer together; and the closer the United States and Great Britain come together the less likely it is that war shall come between them.

I am very much impressed with the opinion that our histories, at least for the young, should be written from a different standpoint. Now, a history of a government must of course include the great wars which that government has carried on; and many of the histories of England are really histories of the great wars of England, and we do not get from those histories an idea of the achievements of the English people in the arts of peace, for "Peace," as Milton has said, "hath her victories no less renowned than war." While we cannot eliminate the account of battles altogether from our histories, I could wish that more histories were written from the standpoint that Mr. Green took when he wrote "A Short History of the English People." I think it would be well to have histories that shall recount the achievements of peace of the nations with which we desire to cultivate closer relations, so that we shall not look at them through distorted glasses, but shall understand just what kind of people they are; and as we learn to admire their virtues in peace, we shall learn to love and admire the people themselves.

Now, it is very easy to be willing to allow a people to be killed summarily whom we do not like, in whom we see no virtue, and whom we greatly misunderstand. I say that to misunderstand and then to cultivate the idea of hatred in our minds is to make us very willing, indeed, that war shall go on and that people shall be killed. Let us strive to gain a truer knowledge of the peoples of other lands in their social and business life.

## Dialogue Between the Machine Gun and the Mauser.

[Overheard in the Philippines by Frank Stuhlman.]

"H'm, h'm! Hot work and dusty," grumbled the Machine Gun, as he blew a puff of powder grime from his black mouth. "I wish somebody would swab out my throat. That's the way with men. It's good old Destroyer when I'm doing dirty work for them, but when it's done I can take care of myself!"

"Hot work? Well, I've seen a little of it to-day myself," shrilled a voice by the side of the Gun, as a Mauser swelled to emulate his larger companion.

"Well, little brother," sniffed the Machine Gun, in

contempt, "what have you done in the cause of civilization and humanity?"

"Oh, not so much as yourself, great Destroyer, but quite a bit in my small way. Our captain went out to find an insurgent camp. We found them all right," and the Mauser leered. "One volley, and a charge sent them flying to the bush, the cowards! True, they had only bolos, and our command was armed with brothers of mine—we send a ball through a man a mile away. Small good did it do them, the rebels! We surrounded the jungle, and some of us beat the tangle, driving the savages out in the open. Then there was fun. We popped them over as fast as they ran out. And the captain honored *me* by employing my services himself. The captain is a good hunter, but he said it was the finest sport he ever had. Like knocking over jackrabbits. Still it didn't seem just right to me to kill them just because they wanted independence. 'A thing very precious to Americans,' I heard the general say in a speech."

"You don't understand," growled the Machine Gun. "The Anglo-Saxons are the chosen people, and the other races were made to be exploited by them. Any who do not submit to be governed and taxed by the elect are desperate savages, and those who resist having the blessings of a Christian civilization thrust upon them are vicious barbarians, and must be exterminated!"

"It may be so! It may be so!" piped the Mauser. "But tell me of your work in extending freedom."

"Well, my throat is pretty sore. Don't feel much like talking. My deeds speak for me. However, you seem to be a good little fellow, so I'll tell you a bit. About three hundred men left Cavite yesterday morning for the purpose of pacifying the country. I was taken out and burnished and oiled until I worked like a watch. Oh, I'm a great pacifier! Ha! ha! The rebels I meet are always peaceful afterward. Then the colonel gave the order, and away we went. A score of men with ropes pulled me over mountains that are impassable for a horse. How the men cursed and growled as they toiled and sweated in dragging me along! But I repaid them well. Well, this morning, as we neared a village, a bullet hurtled out of the jungle, and down went a soldier who was walking by my side, with a hole drilled through his lungs. There, you may see a splash of his blood near my muzzle! Then the colonel swore an oath that he would teach the wretches a lesson, and he threw a cordon about the village. Then he ordered me brought and placed so as to raze the clustered dwellings. I began to be impatient. How slow the gunner was! At last all was ready. How I leap to my work! The mad joy of destruction thrills me with wild exultation. I send out the balls in a perfect hurricane. Through the frail huts they crash, destroying all in them. Household goods, and living men, and women, too, I pierce, and they lie in a mass of wreckage together. From one hovel to another I am trained, leaving ruin in my track. The first house I swept was a little more substantial than the rest, and in it a woman crouched with an infant cradled in her arms. Crashing, tearing, rending, I sent a fury of deadly missiles through the flimsy walls, and one rent a gaping wound in her side. She gasped once, and fell over upon the earthen floor. After a while the little brown baby crawled out from beneath the prostrate

woman and dabbled its tiny hands in the crimson blood that was forming a pool by the side of the dead. Then, with cooing sounds, it strove to awaken the silent mother. Ah! she was so still! The gray terror stole over the little dawning soul. Why did not the loving arms gather it to her bosom? It was so alone, so forsaken, so helpless! Then the horror became articulate, and it wailed. I had swept the other homes from existence. Then the colonel ordered: 'Give that first hut another volley or two!' The gunner pointed me about. The wail of the child hurt me. Oh! if I could only make the men hear that cry! But the ears of the men were deafened by the concussion from the guns' reports. For a moment I hesitated. 'The gun is jammed!' cried the colonel, with a black curse.

"Then I thought that I was only a thing of iron and steel, while men had hearts of flesh and blood; and besides *they* were doing the work of a great Christian nation; a work supported by a great majority of the Christians of that nation, or we should not be killing in this country, little brother. Then I bent to my duty again. At the first volley I brought down a portion of the hut and sent a bullet across the little one's throat, and the weeping ceased. The 'niggers' had been taught a lesson!"

"Great work! Great work!" squeaked the Mauser, "but I heard the chaplain say that America was the foremost nation in the world in carrying to the races dwelling in darkness the gospel of Christ. Do you think, Destroyer, that the deeds you and I do are according to Christ's gospel?"

"It is very evident that one of your small caliber cannot understand the duty of a Christian nation toward an inferior people," said the Machine Gun to the Mauser.

— *The Comrade.*

### My Country.

My country is the world; I count  
No son of man my foe,  
Whether the warm life-currents mount  
And mantle brows like snow,  
Or red or yellow, brown or black,  
The face that into mine looks back.

My native land is Mother Earth,  
And all men are my kin,  
Whether of rude or gentle birth,  
However steeped in sin;  
Or rich or poor, or great or small,  
I count them brothers, one and all.

My birthplace is no spot apart,  
I claim no town or state;  
Love hath a shrine in every heart,  
And wheresoe'er men mate  
To do the right and say the truth,  
Love evermore reneweth her youth.

My flag is a star-spangled sky,  
Woven without a seam,  
Where dawn and sunset colors lie,  
Fair as an angel's dream;  
The flag that still, unstained, untorn,  
Floats over all of mortal born.

My party is all human-kind;  
My platform, brotherhood;  
I count all men of honest mind,  
Who work for human good,  
And for the hope that gleams afar,  
My comrades in this holy war.

My heroes are the great and good  
Of every age and clime,  
Too often mocked, misunderstood,  
And murdered in their time;  
But, spite of ignorance and hate,  
Known and exalted soon or late.

My country is the world; I scorn  
No lesser love than mine,  
But calmly wait that happy morn  
When all shall own this sign,  
And love of country, as of clan,  
Shall yield to world-wide love of man.

— *Robert Whitaker, in the American Israelite.*

### Pamphlets Received.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ENGLISH PEACE SOCIETY. London: 47 New Broad Street, E. C.

REPORT OF THE TYNESIDE BRANCH OF THE INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION AND PEACE ASSOCIATION, 1901-1902. Ashfield, Gateshead, England.

MORE EARNEST WORK FOR THE WORLD'S PEACE. Edwin D. Mead, 20 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SUMNER'S REPORT ON THE WAR WITH MEXICO. Old South Leaflets, No. 132. Old South Meeting House, Boston, Mass.

REPORT OF TREMONT TEMPLE MINISTERS' MEETING OF PROTEST AGAINST THE ATROCITIES IN THE PHILIPPINES. Anti-Imperialist League, 44 Kilby Street, Boston.

EIGHTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY. New York City.

WAR AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONS. By Rev. Michael James Elliott. Issued by the Friends' Peace Committee, 12 Bishopsgate Without, London, E. C.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE ELEVEN UNIVERSAL PEACE CONGRESSES, 1889-1902. International Peace Bureau, Berne, Switzerland.

THE ESSENE. Vol. I, No. 2. Edited by J. A. Edgerton and Grace M. Brown. The Reed Publishing Company, Denver, Colorado.

HISTOIRE SOMMAIRE ET CHRONOLOGIQUE DES ARBITRAGES INTERNATIONAUX, 1794-1900. By H. La Fontaine, Senator, Brussels, Belgium.

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